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Ok, but just the tip (Director's Cut)



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Chapter 1 by intellikat

It didn't take long to get her to start smiling and giggling and finally laughing at everything I said. And I mean EVERYTHING. She was into it. I could tell right away. She never had an empty glass. I made sure of it. And that wasn't the reason she was laughing at every syllable coming from my mouth. It wasn't.

That she was my cat didn't mean much to me. As long as she laughed at my jokes and we both downed kitty milk like the mad fools we truly both were I couldn't care less. Nobody did really make me smile like she did. Life was kind of ok, just a little tip on the hat. Me and my cat. Tip on the hat, imagine that.

Other people didn't understand my need for solitude. Every night me and my cat seeing some Netflix(tm) movie, or eating prawns and tofu together, or maybe discussing Noam Chomsky. Well, maybe you could understand my irritation when that Hulk-like dude stood outside on my balcony tapping the window. "Tap, Tap, Tap, TAP, TAP, TAP!"

Chapter 2 by Kitiðn



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Actually he was a window clearer as was verified by his equipment on closer inspection, but the surreal spin was that he had a copy of Noam Chomsky's Profit of People sticking out of his pocket, and my cat was becoming increasingly insistent on the opening of the patio door to say hello, which immediately filled me with a jealousy.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



I, of course, invited him in. That was my first mistake.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



He stayed for hours. Many, many hours. It was impossible to get a word in edgewise. The man was truly well-read, and I found him in time to be quite a bore. My cat had done the same, long before me, and had trundled off to the kitchen to take a nap in the cardboard box lined with old football socks. I wanted to do the same myself, if only I had a cardboard box, but instead I entertained my guest and nodded at his assertions and reflections, all the while holding a half-filled wine glass in one hand and imagining it to be hemlock-laced.

My second mistake was to have offered him a drink. He replied in the affirmative, then listed off a number of vintage wines he hoped I might have on reserve. I did not. And so he began to look through my shelves himself, finally settling instead upon some dry hot chocolate mix. Now... the hot chocolate mix most definitely belonged to my cat, and she noticed when he laid his large hands on the tin and dragged it from the shelf. He was laughing as he heaped the powder into a mug, but my cat's eyes were fixed upon him with that look that only meant one thing: murder by tooth and claw.

Chapter 5 by VoxxyBRZ



Focusing keenly on the window washer's every movement, I could see my cat contemplating numerous and tragic outcomes which could inexplicably befall on the now laughing man.

Watching my cat, and more precisely just how unnatural the look where just the tip of her tail was twitching. Repeatedly and r

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was now inspecting the spoon which he used to heap the mix into the mug as if he distrusted the origins of such a random and unknown spoon. While he became more acquainted with the menacing spoon, I inwardly knew the he had surely thought of every possible poison, toxin and disease known to mankind and desperately wished that I could offer something that would ensure he was not disappointed in his often voiced but never taken serious rantings.

But , alas, I have nothing that will cause the end of this one sided and narrow-minded lecture. I did, however, have the cat.

Casually her and I made eye contact and in that moment, perfect understanding. I meandered about the room and subtly opened the window fully and was amazed to see just how wide the widow was, it made me think about removing the decorative curtains at some point so that the whole window and it's view could be appreciated more often.

With that, I turned, looked straight at my ingenious ball of fur and said aloud, "It's funny, but the hot cocoa mix you brazenly intruded upon happens to be her favorite drink. You never know these days how one may react to such a blatant disregard for others belongings."

Chapter 6 by jeffyb



And in an instant the ball of fur moved in a blur and a fast stream of blood sprayed across the room.

With a look of shock and horror on the man's face it was clear that the cat precisely nailed his jugular.

Chapter 7 by myGrundle



He clutched his throat, as if to somehow hold in the river of blood that was oozing between his fingers. He came towards me, his eyes distant and yet conveying a plea for help. Using his distress to my advantage, I merely pulled back the drapes with 1 hand, and motioned him to stick his head out of the open window with my other hand. Some strange, unholy instinct in me

knew that his mind was in such shock that it would go along with my suggestion. As if in slow motion, he leaned not just his head but his entire body out of the window and he tumbled out and fell the 3 floors down into the courtyard below.

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Chapter 8 by Jess Ash



I watched as he crashed to the ground with a slight bit of distaste. Really, it was not a very elegant fall, and his head made a sickening crack when it hit the pavement. And yet, it seemed a fitting end for the unclean man who had so rudely intruded into my home.

I glanced at the cat, who was licking the blood off her paws. She seemed quite normal now that the intruder was gone. Satisfied, I chanced a look around the small apartment. The blood had had quite a strong spray, and managed to taint not only my carpet, but my walls and ceiling too. I rummaged in the cleaning closet for the carpet cleaner. Ah, right next to the Windex(tm).

I got out an old, ratted rag and began the process removing the blood from my carpet. It would be a shame if it were to leave a stain. This carpet was brand new after all. After a few minutes I heard a ladies scream through the open window.

"Ah," I thought to myself, "Mrs. Kimberly has found the body."

Just a few moments later I heard sirens in the distance and stood, satisfied with the job done on the carpet. I smiled softly at the job I had done. No evidence that there had been a murder remained on the carpet. I then set about removing the blood from the walls and ceiling. All the walls needed was a quick wipe-down, though the ceiling was a bit harder. Fortunately, I managed to clean up before the police arrived.

I then glanced at my cat. Unfortunately, the blood still covered her, and there was no way to get it off in time. I glanced toward the kitchen, then walked over to the pantry. It took a few moments, but I eventually found a glass container of pasta sauce. Casually, I set it on the counter, then knocked it off with my elbow.

With pasta sauce now splattered across the linoleum, I turned to the cat.

"Would you mind walking through this?"

She leapt off her perch on the stove and came to investigate. She was sniffing at the pasta sauce when I heard a knock on the door. I went to investigate, knowing full well it was the police. After

a quick glance through the peephole to confirm my suspicions, I opened the door.

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"Detective Armstrong," the man said, "I was hoping I could ask you a few questions."

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"Well, of course, detective," I said opening the door further. "Perhaps you'd like to come in?"

"I would, actually," Armstrong said, moving into the apartment.

"Can I get you anything? Something to drink maybe?" I stifled my laugh, remembering that the last man I'd asked that question of was lying dead on the ground outside.

"No, thank you. I'm just here to look around, ask you a few questions. Tell me, did you see or hear anything strange recently?"

"I can't say that I have," I said, sitting down. "I heard Linda scream, but that was about it."

"Linda...?"

"Linda Kimberly," I filled in. "She lives in the apartment right below mine."

"And you didn't think anything strange of her screaming?"

"I assumed she'd seen a rat or something. She screams a lot if she sees one."

"I see," the detective said, jotting down some notes. Then, "What is that strange chemical smell?"

"I recently cleaned my carpet."

"Any particular reason?" I could see the suspicious glint in the detective's eyes.

"I spilled a cup of coffee," I said smoothly, pleased with this lie.

"Mhmm," he hummed thoughtfully. "And the mess in your kitchen?"

"My cat knocked a jar of pasta sauce off the counter."

"And the red stuff on your cat?"

"Pasta sauce," I said simply.

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"Well," the detective said,

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on slamming it closed.

"then let's get down to it."

He took a deep breath, then sat across from me.

"David Barges is dead."

'Barges,' I thought, 'a fitting name for a rude intruder.' Of course, I didn't say this.

"I'm sorry to hear that. Did he live here?"

The detective began to inform me as to the life of David Barges the window washer. He interrogated me for a few more minutes, then left. As I showed him out, I couldn't help but feel pleased that I had not given myself away.

After he left, I cleaned up the pasta sauce that still lay in my kitchen. Promptly, I settled down onto the couch, and set Netflix(tm) to loading. I picked a movie, and settled down, like any other night. The fact that I had aided in a murder approximately one hour ago had no effect on my actions.

Indeed, it was as though nothing had ever happened.

the end

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